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THE *Lehigh* REVIEW



❖ DECEMBER, 1939 ❖

- THE FIRST REVIEW STUDENT SURVEY
- WE WENT TO WAR — PART I
- A REVIEW ARTICLE OF STUDENT EXPERIENCE

— Twenty Cents —

"Uncle Sam Helped make tobacco better than ever!"

...and Luckies have bought the 'cream' of the better-than-ever crops!" says Billie L. Branch, a tobacco auctioneer for 21 years.

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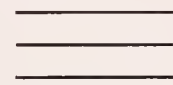
You'll also find out why—**WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1!**

Ollie Mangum of Rougemont, N. C., proudly shows Mr. Branch his new tobacco seedlings, raised with the help of U. S. Government experts.





Passing in Review



● IN THIS ISSUE

This issue we feature a double-barreled combination of current events and Lehigh interest. Because the second World War has not been called off for the Christmas holidays this is as good a time as any for our story of how Lehigh got into the first World War in 1917. For our material we went through every Brown and White and every Burr from 1914 to 1918.

We found, for instance, that Lehigh was ready for the war long before the United States signed the declaration against Germany. We also noted a curious change—from preparedness for peace to preparedness for war. It all resulted in a rather long but accurate article which begins on page 12. The student can form his own opinion. We earnestly hope he can.

● STUDENT OPINION

The first Review poll on page 10 is an interesting hodgepodge of questions that have netted student attention in the past. But in the dim past nobody had much of an idea how the student group felt as a whole. With the results of the Review cross-section poll, we feel that a fairly accurate opinion of the 1800 students is presented. They like subsidization at Lehigh; they don't want Lehigh to go coed; they come from strongly republican families.

● LET'S ALKALIZE

There has been a lot of chatter going the rounds that Bully-boy Dies is raring to make an investigation of college campuses in order to find subversive elements that might be lurking 'neath ivy-clad portals. We're rooting right behind Bully-boy, because we see plenty of room for investigation. According to the Review poll on page 10 there are still some Democrats on the campus, if we can take paternal influence as material, and we think we can.

Another thing, the Review thinks that every student should be morally and patriotically examined every year right after the physical examinations. A Dies man (just alkalize with Martin Dies) could sit right at the end of the line with a set of questions in hand ready to investigate the doughty student. Such as:

1. Do you think America is the best nation on the face of the world?

2. Do you think the American system is imperfect?

3. Do you think?

4. Are you democratic or republican?

With this moralizing force right at hand, the student body would be much safer from the cynicisms of the English department. In fact, the Review is considering a campaign against the whole English department—and maybe history and philosophy, too. Anybody else cynical around here?

Along the same line, we thought it might be a good idea for the Review to be investigated, maybe first. There's been a heck of a lot of complaints that the Review has a bunch of Bolsheviks on the staff. But since nobody on the whole Review staff shaves very often, it's hard for us to pick the wheat from the chaff. We earnestly solicit any unsigned letters.

● THE SUPERMAN MARKET

While we're on the subject of the men who are going to save our democracy through fire and flame, we want to take up the subject of the superman. We think that the contemporary chaos is reflected perfectly in the comics of the day. For our readers we want to list the great battalion of men who give the grownups and the kiddies their weekly escape, comes a Sunday. These are the men who are really invincible. It seems that that's what it takes to combat the evil forces that exist today. Besides Bully-boy Dies, there are:

1. Superman—of course, Superman. Born on some foreign planet, he can walk from the Battery to the Bronx without turning a corner. He can jump over the Empire State building without barking his shins on the television aerial and sheds bullets like a radiator pipe. But he has to wear glasses when he works. So there is;

2. Gary Concord, the Ultra man who is pretty much of a fake. We'd all be pretty hot if we lived in the twenty-fifth century. But then there is:

3. The Phantom: who looks something like a Michigan back. He has a gun that works perfectly well without ammunition, and a dog that goes around biting people. His distinction lies in the fact that he can't die, which is a pretty handy way to be. Another good boy to solve problems is:

THE *Lehigh* REVIEW

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Bethlehem, Penna.

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December, 1939

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The names of all characters used in short stories and serials are fictitious. Any similarity or identity of these names with actual names is entirely accidental.

PASSING IN REVIEW (Cont'd)

4. Mandrake the Magician: He is the boy with the wicked eye. Accompanied by a powerful African savage, he goes around knocking off villains by mostly hypnotizing them. He can make you think you are a matchbox or a piece of Edam cheese or almost anything.

5. Marton, the Marvel Man from Anta Clea landed on this earth during a violent thunderstorm and stops an aggressive war first thing by knocking everything off with his little pip-pip gun. He says that men are essentially rats with only a thin coating of civilization.

● FANCY FIGURES

In the Nassau Sovereign they said that one of their articles was to be reprinted in the "Fact Digest" and would therefore reach some 300,000 readers. So we toddled over to a telephone and called up the "Fact Digest," which is published, of all places, in Emmaus. After going through three uncomprehending secretaries, we reached the top of the organization, who told us, after some inquiry into the nature of our call, that the official subscription total was 65,000, no more. Using that as a basis, we maintain that the Review has no less than 2500 readers, though God only knows where. But it certainly sounds good to the advertisers.

● SERVICE WITH A SMILE

There's another little episode we'd like to report. It's about the same local matron who figured in some of the Review stories last year. Her son went home and was horrified to learn that the cook had left bag and baggage after leaving a rather virulent note to the whole family. As a consequence said matron was handling things as best she could in the family cuisine.

On this day of days the student was reading a copy of Byron in the living room, while his mother was during her bustling bit in the kitchen. Came the query from the kitchen, "John! Do you want your steak rare, medium, or well done?"

"Make it well done," he shouted back.

"All right," she answered. "Come in. It's ready."

● PETER B.

Mr. Peter B. Turgeon has penned a skit for us on page 9. This is Peter B.'s first effort and we like it. But the fellow has more up his sleeve. Incidental to our securing this from him, we learned that he spends his summer in stock up North in Connecticut or Massachusetts or somewhere. Consequently, when he went to see "The Time of Your Life" in New York, he went backstage to see Julie Haydon and they had a little chat afterwards. With contacts like that, a young man is bound to get places, especially in the Review. Expect more from Peter B. in the future.

The Nine O'Clock Club

125 EAST 54TH STREET

NEW YORK CITY

Rendezvous for the Younger Set

Nightly Discounts
to College Boys for the
First Five Parties
of Six or Less

Fred Armour, Manager

Continuous Music—American & Rhumba

WITHOUT DRUMS

The executives, hands clasped on their bellies, dejectedly sat around the long conference table of the Honor Bound Pix, Inc.

"It's no use," said the Vice-President of Honor Bound Pix, Inc. "We've just got to have a professional motion picture titlist. The True Blue and Tried Grade A Picture Company has six!"

"But we can't afford it," said the President.

"And we can't afford not having one," said the Vice-President. The best picture we've ever made has been lying on the shelf waiting to be released for three months because of the lack of a good title. And we all know catchy titles draw in the crowds."

"That's true," chimed in the head of the publicity department. "Just take the picture we put out last month, 'A Heart of Gold Often Has Its Price, But She Was a New Deal Baby and Had a Different Standard.' Why by the time someone read what was playing, it was too late to go in and see the picture."

"That's not all," added the Vice-President. "With a title like that where is there room on the marquee to put 'Bank-Night' or 'Screeno'?"

"Mind you," said the President, "I'm skeptical, but I suppose we'll have to try one of these professional titlists. We've been sitting here three days and we still haven't been able to get a title that fits the picture—in less than fifty words. We must be going about it in the wrong way."

The rest of the board nodded their heads.

"Do you know," asked the President, "where we can get one of these title experts?"

"I've had one waiting for the last three days. I knew you'd finally see it my way," sighed the Vice-President.

The Publicity Director signalled the secretary and had the titlist sent in.

"Shall we go down to the projection room and have the picture run off for you?" asked the President.

"I never see a picture before I title it," said the expert.

"Then you work from the script?" said the Vice-President. "I'll have it brought in for you."

"I never look at the script of a picture I'm going to title. It's too misleading."

The board all looked at each other.

The embarrassed Vice-President forced a smile. "Perhaps you'd like our Publicity Director to prepare a synopsis for you?"

"That, too, will be unnecessary. My titles are created out of moods. They are the result of the mixed passions that lie in the universal breast and the chaotic world. The title for your picture is beating in my brain. If I could ask a few questions, I'm sure it would clarify itself."

"Shoot," said the Publicity Director.

"Has this picture anything to do with war?"

"Absolutely nothing," said the Vice-President.

The titlist made a note of this on a scratch pad. "Is there any marching in the picture?"

"None at all," replied the puzzled Publicity Director.

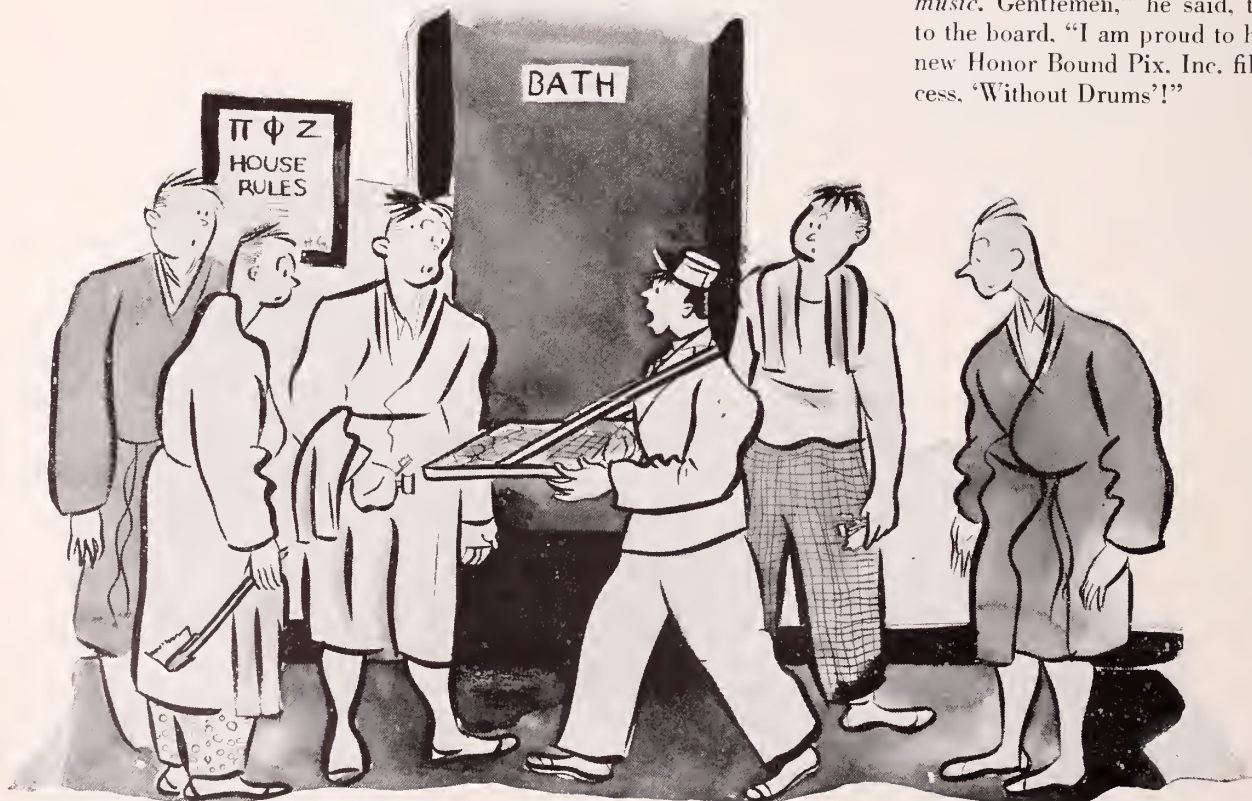
"Is there any martial music in the picture?" asked the titlist.

"There isn't any music in the picture at all," snapped the annoyed President.

"I shall have your title for you in a few seconds," said the expert.

The board anticipating the quick result, all looked apologetically toward the Vice-President.

The titlist looked at his scratch pad, "*No war, no marching, no military music. Gentlemen,*" he said, turning to the board. "I am proud to hail the new Honor Bound Pix, Inc. film success, 'Without Drums'!"



"Peanuts, popcorn, chewing gum, candy bars . . ."

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by **The Supply Bureau**

THROUGH the cool, rippling, white and green muslin curtains she watched him head up the driveway from the road in his little Ford. She waited at the window as he got out of the car and walked down the flagstone path, sidestepping the chickens that were clustered about the feed pans. When she heard the rap on the screen door, she called to her mother that Mark was here and hurried up the steps, pausing at the top until she heard her mother inviting him in and telling him that Elaine would be right down.

As soon as she had closed the door to her room, she had begun to slip out of her housedress and underclothing. She laid them out on the bed and walk-

ed over to the wicker seat at the dressing table. There was a regiment of small bottles on the table and a dressing set. She combed her hair with a long comb and shook her head to make the crown of her hair lie evenly about her shoulders. In the mirror her face was long and pretty and thin with little blue shadows under her eyes. Her lips were thin and seemed a little pale. Too pale even for her face. A little lipstick. She pressed her lips together and wiped off the excess stain with a little paper handkerchief.

A thin yellow dress from the hanger. The drawer of her bureau was stuck and she yanked at it impatiently until it came out jerkily. She lifted a slip out, dropped it over her shoulders and

wriggled into it. Then the dress. She sat on the edge of the bed and slipped off her shoes and little white socks then into the long silk stockings, slowly pulling them on with short nervous tugs. Her hands, sliding upwards from her ankles, smoothed the tiny wrinkles and rested on her knees. New shoes, smart and white. She promenaded over to the tall mirror on the closet door, and with little steps, turned completely around, judging herself in the mirror. She smoothed her palms over her hips and walked down the stairs.

Mark was in the kitchen, tall and handsome, drying the dishes and talking to her mother. She caught his elbow and drew him around.

"Hello, there," she said. "Mother's little helper?"

"Sure thing. Aren't you going to help?" His long brown hands curled around the cup as if he were about to crush it. The white towel hung down damply.

"I'm afraid we'd break too many. Besides, it's much too nice outside. I'll do them when we get back. I want to go for a walk, Mark. It's so nice outside." She took the cup and towel from his hand and laid them on the porcelain table. She slipped her hand under his arm and pulled him toward the door.

Her mother was disturbed. "Don't you want some milk before you go out. It's going to be hot outside. I can get some good cold milk for you right out of the icebox. It's fresh. We just brought it in this noon. You two just sit there. I'll get the glasses."

Their eyes caught each other over the wet rims of the glasses and hung together for an instant. Then they finished the milk together and set the glasses down with loud clinks.

"Come on," Elaine said. "Summer is calling us."

"It's almost autumn now," her mother said. "It almost isn't summer anymore."

"You're right, Mrs. Winters. It is getting close to fall. I wish it would get cooler."

"Don't be a softie," Elaine said. "We're going for a walk."

"Don't come back too late," Mrs. Winters said. "I don't want to have to worry about you."



"We'll be back early enough," Elaine said. "We won't go far. We're really just going for a little walk."

The screen door slammed shut behind them, and he followed her single file on the flagstone walk.

"Where do we want to go?" she said over her shoulder.

"I think I know," he said. "I remember a big oak tree that ought to be cool on a day like this. Remember the tree with the big limb that hangs out over that little stream? We used to dive from it."

She smiled happily and extended her hand back for him to hold. "That would be nice today. It's cool there."

The path to the stream went through a meadow, skirted a field brimming with wheat, then drifted aimlessly through the orchard until, suddenly, there was the stream and a hundred yards up was the big oak tree, lifting itself high above the water. They walked quietly along the lip of the bank, skipping over the gullies and jumping from one rock to another.

When they got to the tree, she breathed a little sigh and sank down on the dry grass with her legs tucked up under her. Mark lay down beside her with his head resting in the crook of his elbow. Elaine leaned back against the shaggy trunk of the tree. "This is so sweet," she said. "This is just like poetry. Beautiful poetry."

The space at the foot of the tree was soft with the threads of dry, yellow grass. The roots of the tree protruded from the ground in places and made pockets to sit in. The stream slipped past beneath them, carrying a featherload of curled, brown leaves on the surface of the water. They sat quietly for a long while, drinking the air.

She began to pull little pieces of grass from the earth. "I think I like the fall better than the spring," she said. "I like the way Nature dies in the fall. So gracefully and beautifully. I wish we could die like that. So quietly."

He laughed at her. "You're too tragic. You're much too tragic. Spring is the birth and the beginning. Everything happens in the spring. Tell me why you're so tragic."

"I don't know, exactly," she said, smiling. "I guess it's the way I'm built,

This Is Goodbye

An experiment in literary counterpoint

by Howard J. Lewis

that's all. The end is fuller than the beginning. The beginning is all emptiness."

"I guess you have a right to your own opinion," he said happily. "Let's not start an argument over the relative merits of Spring and Fall." He was throwing little pieces of wood into the stream and watching the eddying circles widen out and kiss the banks. The leaves of the oak tree were falling into the stream in uneven looping spirals.

"We had a lot of good times together this summer," he said. "I could never have had such a good time alone. That's why I'm so sorry to see Autumn. But the end has to come sooner or later."

"Let's not talk about it so much," she said. "Let's talk about something else. I don't want to think about it."

When she had first seen him at the party at her aunt's house, she had been attracted to him, but his aloofness from the crowd made her afraid. She wondered what was wrong with him. She remembered him sitting in the chair in the corner, smoking many cigarettes and reading. He didn't seem to mind the noise or the music at all. By pure chance, she sat beside him at dinner. She learned that his name was Mark Lerner. He came from New York City and was going to be an architect. She let him do most of the talking. He told her about functionalism and industrial design. Frank Lloyd Wright and Salesium and the Tokyo Hotel. She was quiet and attentive and interesting. Later they sat together in the night air. They talked about anything that popped into their heads. He took her home and kissed her goodnight, lightly on the cheek. She sat up for a while and read and when she went to bed, lay awake, watching the long thin clouds saw the moon in two.

She leaned her head on his shoulder and hummed a tune from Gilbert

and Sullivan. Birds winged out from between the trees and frolicked near the water. She held his hand tightly and was quiet with her memories.

"I'm going to Boston," he said. "I can't wait until I get there and start to work. They tell me there is a big field there."

"Do you have to be so very far away?"

"I want to be far away. I want to be in Boston. I can't get anywhere by staying at home. You know that. I have to get out and do something."

"I'm going to miss you, horribly."

"I'll miss you too. But all good things must come to an end. Some day my ideas on building will be old-fashioned and then somebody new will come in and take my place. Life's like that."

"You're getting trite."

"Well, it's the truth, nevertheless. You'll forget about me."

"No, I won't, Mark. I won't ever."

"Sure you will. Everything has an end to it. Even summer."

"Let's skip the whole thing. Let's not talk about it."

"O. K. I wanted to tell you about an idea I had last night. It's going to give me the start I need. It's an idea for a modernistic railroad station. Most of the ones now look like old Roman baths anyhow. The only trouble is that most of the railroads don't have any money to spend. Maybe my idea will start something new. I also had an idea for a chain of filling stations. Instead of having the—"

"Please, Mark."

"I'm sorry, Elaine. I guess I'm boring you."

"It's not that."

In the summer she had met him at the road and they had walked through the fields and sat on the bluff of the

"SAILED today: S. S. Walter Houston, oil tanker, Purol refineries. From Marcus Hook, Del., to Smith's Bluff, Texas."

Blue water. Deep water. Well off the coast of Virginia now. The long black hull of the tanker, her fuel tanks empty, quivers a little as the bow cuts through a heavy swell. Men move slowly about the ship, listless under the burning sun, painting, cleaning, sweeping.

My back aches, my arms grow weary, and the sweat stings my eyes as I bend to my task. Seven coats of marine paint on the flying bridge and they have to pick this trip to scrape it off. Bend forward, press down on the blade and jerk it back. The thin, sparse scraps of paint form a slowly-growing pile. A blister breaks. Look at my hands. Soft and uncalloused. . . schoolboy hands. The mate's voice from the bridge, "You, there. Get busy. By God, when I was a boy. . ."

Five bells. Time for coffee, with Louie, ship's cook, keeping it hot and ready in the galley. Through a cloud of tobacco smoke the Bo'sun's face breaks into a smile. "Tired, son? You'll soon get used to it." You bet I'm tired. The coffee's too hot, the cigarette tastes flat. What a way to spend a summer. . . on a tanker. Back home now, lying on the beach with the guys, swimming in that cool water. Just sitting around. . . "Yeah, I'm coming."

That was the first day out. After

Oil Tanker

A Review Article of Student Experience

by Dave de Beauchamp

that it wasn't so bad. It was hard work, and it was hard for me to get used to it. For the first time in my life I was really working. Scarcely a week out of prep school and here I was on an oil tanker, an ordinary seaman.

There were three other ordinary seamen besides myself. We worked an eight hour shift during the day, and never once did we find the Bo'sun at a loss to find something for us to do. Six A. B.'s (able-bodied seamen) and the Bo'sun completed the rest of the deck crew. Below was the engine crew's domain from wipers, oilers, and firemen, to the officers. We seldom saw any of them excepting during the monthly crap game which occurred when the men were paid at sea. Then everyone off duty mixed in and rolled the ivories. I can remember one game which lasted until 4:00 in the morning. I saw the second engineer lose his entire month's pay and never say a word as he watched the Bo'sun win \$125 in greasy crumpled bills.

At first I felt self-conscious among the men. My brand new dungarees looked strangely out of place among the men's ordinary work-stained trousers. I was a greenhorn and showed it in every way. No one seemed to notice

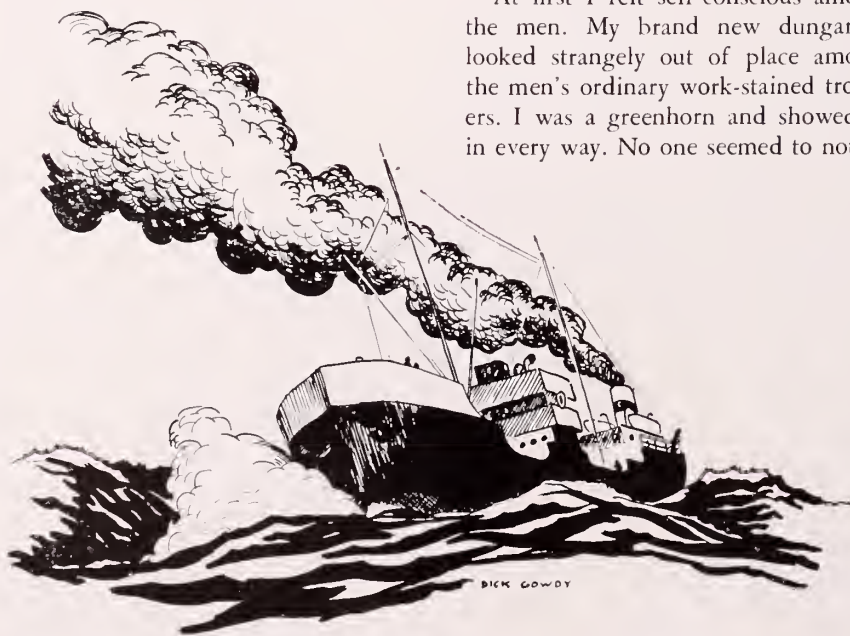
anything out of the ordinary, however, and in all my time on the ship I never heard anyone say an unkind word to me or anyone else about who I was or what I was. One got along very well by doing his share of the work and obeying orders. This sort of thing was new and interesting to me. I hadn't seen much tolerance at school. There, one either dressed, thought, and talked the way everyone else did, or was looked upon as queer and a dull fellow.

Just a few men with not much else but hard work to keep them busy, in a small ship on one hell of a big ocean for weeks at a time, and they got along together as well as brothers. I'd never seen anything like that before.

Eric was a red-headed Swede close to middle age. He was an A. B. and worked his four hours on deck and stood his trick at the wheel just like the rest. One day I saw him call a man down for not dressing a derrick boom properly. I waited, expecting to see the fireworks begin. Nothing happened. The man good-naturally did the job properly while Eric helped him. Later I learned that Eric had had a master's ticket and a ship of his own at one time. His ship had foundered in a storm and gone down taking Eric's papers and belongings with it. He'd been working as a seaman ever since, waiting for a re-authorization of his master's papers. A lot of red tape had to be gone through before he could be re-instated again. It's tough to be master of your own ship, and then have to start at the bottom again. The men knew that. I'd never thought of sailors as gentlemen before.

One by one I got to know the men who were my shipmates. There was Tom Vincent, six feet two and Shanty-Irish. He'd been captain of the University of Florida football team not so

page twenty-seven, please



SCENE: A summer's night, the garden party held annually by Lord and Lady Clitterbug of Highgate. In the garden sit two people—a girl in a summer formal, a boy in full dress. Orchestra music, blended with the voices of the other guests drifts down from the hidden mansion.

Boy: Lord, but it's a lovely evening tonight? Just look at those stars—

She: (a *bored* tone) What, Algy? Look at what?

He: The stars! Grand, isn't it?

She: I suppose so.

He: Lovely dance, isn't it, Violet?

She: (Still very bored) Lovely—

(Pause)

He: Read any good books lately?

She: No.

He: Seen any shows?

She: No!

He: Been to the—

She: No, Algy, no!

He: Oh.

(Pause)

He: (another try) How was tennis this morning?

She: I didn't play.

He: I thought you played tennis all morning. . . I'm sure you did—

She: No—I didn't!

He: Don't you recall—you said—

She: It wasn't tennis, Algy — I loathe tennis.

He: Oh. I thought you played tennis.

She: It was badminton.

He: Oh.

(Pause)

He: Well, how was it?

She: (bored) How was what, Algy?

He: How was the badminton?

She: Oh really, Algy!

He: (hurt) I'm sorry.

(Pause)

He: How do you like Lord Clitterbug? Splendid, isn't he?

She: To tell you the truth, Algy—Oh, well. . .

He: (insistently) Go on. . .

She: Go on where?

He: To tell the truth. . .

She: Well if you want to know—I think he's a musty old bag of hot air!

He: Well, I must say I don't like your attitude the least bit you know.

She: Don't you?

He: (forthrightly) No, I don't.

Holiday at Highgate

by Peter B. Turgeon

(Pause)

He: After all, he is my boss and this is his party and I do wish you'd be a bit more respectful. . .

She: Oh Algy, there you go again. You asked for my opinion and I only. . .

He: But not to like J. C.—Why, everyone likes him.

She: (biting) Well, I don't.

(Pause)

He: Would you care to dance?

She: No.

He: Something to eat?

She: No!

He: Something to drink?

She: No! Really, Algy, I'm quite all right as I am.

He: Oh.

(Pause)

He: Beautiful evening, isn't it?

She: What?

He: I say, beaut—

She: I heard you. You said that

forty times—forty times.

He: Well, don't snap my head off! After all, it is a beautiful evening!

She: What?

He: Nothing.

(Pause)

She: (suddenly) I've changed my mind, Algy.

He: You mean you'd like to dance?

She: No! I'd like a drink—Scotch and soda, *strong*!

He: (rising from the bench) Scotch and soda, strong. I'll get it in a jiffy.

(Exit Algy)

She: (sighing relief) God, what a bore!

Voice (from anywhere, mocking): Who's a bore? Who?

She (rising, startled): Who are you?

Voice: (mocking) Who? Indeed!

She: If you don't show yourself I'll scream!

Voice: I'm the spirit of Algy, that's who I am.

She: O my God!

Voice: Does that startle you? You knew Algy had a spirit didn't you?

She: I don't know who you are but you can't know Algy if you think he has spirit!

Voice: Come, come, where does Algy fall short of spirit?

She: (loosening) The stars, the night, Lord Clitterbug, tennis, books; is that spirit on a night like this?

Voice: (chiding) Where's your spirit? You should be the spark that would awake Algy tonight.

She: Impossible! He's a bore and I'm engaged to him. I love him I suppose, but he's impossible sometimes.

Voice: Was he impossible the night you wandered through Picadilly at three? The fish and chips in the fog?

She: Stop! I told you, whoever you are, that I loved him, but he can be such a bore.

Voice: You can be too at times. Your manner is deathly to gaiety and fun.

She: Is it? I hadn't thought I'd asked you.

Voice: Nevertheless, Algy has spirit. You recall the afternoon in his apartment. It was his warmth and savoir faire that put enough spirit in you to. . .



The REVIEW STUDENT POLL

A survey of, by, and for the students.

And we're not trying to prove anything.

THIS first REVIEW poll is in the nature of a noble experiment. Needless to say, it is imperfect. But we think it is more accurate than any single survey made by a recent publication. We have faith in it particularly, because it is a sincere attempt at obtaining a true representation of opinion.

Out of the school's 1805 students, some 300 were selected to act as guinea pigs. These 300 students represent the proportionate influence of the colleges of arts and sciences, business administration and engineering; of fraternities, dormitories, students living in private homes, and students living at home or commuting. Proportionate representation was even given to on- and off-campus fraternities, as if it made a damned bit of difference. Equal numbers were chosen from each of the four classes.

And there you have it. The REVIEW's first representative student poll.

I. Subsidization:

1. Do you approve of subsidizing football players at Lehigh?

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|-----|
| a. Yes | 57% |
| 1. Through Alumni | 16% |
| 2. University Scholarships | 33% |
| 3. Alumni grants and University jobs | 51% |

100%

4. Should we limit our free tuition to those men who are qualified to enter Lehigh without taking entrance examinations?

- | | |
|-----|-----|
| Yes | 65% |
| No | 35% |

b. No

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|-----|
| 1. Should we drop football | 1% |
| 2. Should we play only small schools | 16% |
| 3. Continue as we are | 83% |

100%

2. Do you think it would be better if all schools dropped subsidization?

- | | |
|-----|-----|
| Yes | 62% |
| No | 38% |

One thing the poll doesn't show here is that a surprising number of students who voted "no" to subsidization at Lehigh voted "yes" to subsidization at other schools. The survey indicates that with the student's relatively short acquaintance with the alumni grant project, they were in favor of it. Many of the students questioned mentioned Mr. Lincoln's alumni plan specifically.

II. Of Student Interest:

1. Would you prefer a deferred or a prolonged rushing system rather than our present one?

- | | |
|------------|-----|
| Yes | 65% |
| No | 21% |
| Don't know | 14% |

2. Would you favor a course in marriage?

- | | |
|---------------|-----|
| Yes | 84% |
| a. Voluntary | 67% |
| b. Compulsory | 17% |
| No | 9% |
| Don't know | 7% |

3. Do you favor:

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|-----|
| A system of unlimited cuts | 33% |
| A committee to judge individual cases | 49% |
| A strict and definite cut schedule | 18% |

Here are three questions that should be of special interest to students. They certainly serve as an answer to the attempts made by the *Brown and White* and the Interfraternity Council to install a marriage course and deferred rushing respectively. It is surprising to see that a greater percentage voted for a compulsory marriage course than voted against the entire proposition.

It is also quite apparent that the Lehigh student dislikes to see any extremism in the cut system. He would rather see it in the hands of a committee, which removes some of the responsibility from him.

III. Administration Policy:

1. Would you like to see:

a. Fewer students at Lehigh	14%
b. More buildings and faculty	30%
c. No change at all	56%
2. Would you like to see Lehigh go co-educational?

Yes	31%
No	69%
3. Should our endowments be used to:

a. Increase instructor's salaries	14%
b. Increase number of scholarships	30%
c. Increase number of buildings	46%
d. Don't know	10%

In the matter of administration policy, students were especially hazy on the dispensation of endowments, but most of them decided upon building expansion as the first need. One student refused to increase the instructor's salaries unless we could guarantee him better instructors.

The high percentage under the "don't know" category merely indicates that those students couldn't make up their minds about the primary needs. A "don't know" is the same as a vote for all three. Students living in town and dormitory seemed especially heavy for more scholarships. Question 1 along with several others here points heavily to the opinion often expressed that Lehigh men are all in favor of the status quo.

IV. Foreign Policy:

1. Should America keep the Philippines?

Yes	81%
No	17%
Don't know	2%
2. Should we abandon our "open door" policy in China?

Yes	31%
No	58%
Don't know	11%
3. Do you think the American "frontier" is along the Rhine River?

Yes	14%
No	84%
Don't know	2%

The three questions of foreign policy decided by Lehigh students may give more than one statesman more than one headache. Lehigh says that we must keep hands off Europe, while poking around China and hanging onto the little Philippines. It looks, more or less, like the triumph of the vested interests.

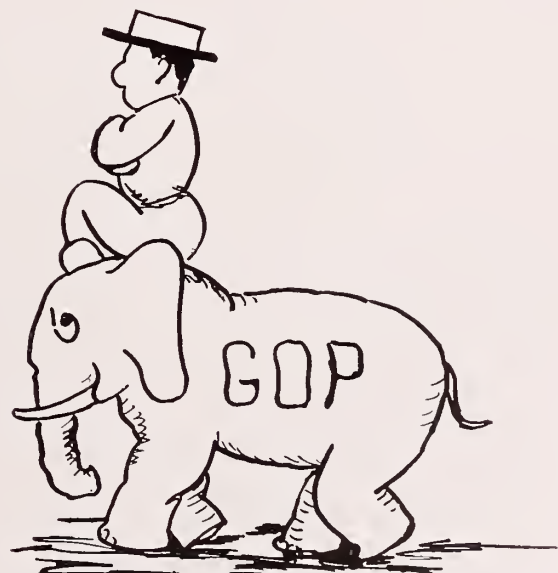
V. Political Opinion:

1. How did your father vote in 1936?

a. Republican	72%
b. Democratic	15%
c. Other	3%
d. Don't know	10%
2. Do you class yourself as a:

a. Reactionary	2%
b. Conservative	44%
c. Liberal	39%
d. Progressive	9%
e. Radical	3%
f. Don't know	3%

These last two questions need little illumination. The first one didn't cause much trouble, and we didn't think it would. But the second one occasioned some righteous demands for definitions and we had to give them the strictest ones we knew. This last is probably the most inaccurate question in the whole group, but it paints a fair picture of what the Lehigh man thinks he is. The 2% and 3% groups in the extremes may be attributed to practical jokers, depending on what side you're on.



WE WENT TO WAR

The first of a series of two articles dealing with Lehigh's participation in the events leading up to World War I.

WHILE Lehigh's crack football teams under Coach Keady were playing rough and tumble games with Yale, Carlisle, and Swarthmore, while Douglas Fairbanks was bounding over incredibly high stone walls at the Orpheum, Commander A. V. Wadham, USN, spoke before an assembled group of students and sounded the keynote for preparedness, a word that was to be heard often on Lehigh's green campus as the war fever rose to a fortissimo.

Commander Wadham told the impressed student body that he was going to speak on "Navy the Peacemaker." And the high-collared group listened and learned.

"What is the cost of a strong navy," he asked. Practically a hundred and forty million dollars a year. This amount is not extravagant for so rich a nation as ours to pay for insurance against war, especially when the money spent for our navy goes, as it does, into the pockets of our workmen and manufacturers. We spend in this country, yearly, . . . more for automobile tires than we do for the navy. . .

"The Navy is the peacemaker. When war comes it is then the peacemaker. The officers of the Navy are for Peace. They are ever anxious for peace, they know what war means."

As warm spring matured into summer, the prosperous *Brown and White* boasting ads from Rogers and Peet, Murad cigarettes and Velvet Smoking tobacco (whole Velvet Joe offered homely philosophy for every issue) voiced the opinion of loyal students and alumni in its editorial of May 1, 1914. At Plattsburg, New York, there were rows and rows of pyramidal army tents housing students from most parts of the country where summering col-

legians could take courses in Military training. At Lehigh, high above the smoke of Bethlehem Steel, President Henry Sturgis Drinker was vigorously campaigning for nationwide acceptance of the Plattsburg idea for the preparedness of our youth. The *Brown and White* was one-fistedly behind the idea:

"The value is manifest of having Lehigh's name in print throughout the country as associated with Yale, Harvard, Princeton, and institutions of like character in this important patriotic instruction of college men. There was an illustrated article on the campus recently in the Review of Reviews, which presented conspicuously Lehigh's share in the camp propaganda. The amount of publicity given to Lehigh by the participation of President Drinker and our student delegation is large.

"Make arrangements now to spend the summer in this profitable and pleasant way."

Aside from the national publicity achieved by Dr. Drinker's frequent trips to other schools and to the very portals of Congress itself, there was little discussion on the Lehigh campus about the war in Europe in 1914. The editorials in the *Brown and White* dealt mostly with the much abused honor system and the main topics of conversation among the students were the chances for a successful football season the next fall. They were cheered to hear of students entering Lehigh from the University of Minnesota boasting of a good little team quarterbacked by a certain Bernie Bierman.

When they came back, those who attended the increasingly frequent meeting of the Y. M. C. A. on the campus heard more of the opportunities for self-discipline in the summer camps. The *Brown and White* of September

22, 1914, carried the news story of a speech of Raymond Walters, Lehigh's registrar at a recent meeting of the "Y".

"The speaker likewise discussed and combatted the claims that war as an institution is a business, or a Christian necessity. The moral values of a war with it summoning of the qualities, of bravery, loyalty, and self-abnegation was strongly praised however.

"We Americans—the average citizen in the streets—need precisely the physical benefits, the mental alertness, the courage and self-sacrifice that military training affords." Mr. Walters advocated the Students Military Instruction Camp Movement and quoted President Drinker as to the real purpose of the camp—THE PREPAREDNESS THAT MAKES PEACE."

Employing most of its front pages for the football team, The *Brown and White* had little time for the embroglio abroad. In fact, the paper took no notice of it at all until the ninth day of October in 1914 when it ran the melodramatic story of the experiences of four faculty members in the war zone with a head for the run-over:

FACULTY EXPERIENCES IN WAR ZONE

The story was written in the much-used style of the day—it-seemed-like-a-terrible-dream.

With Coach Keady's magnificent team sharpening their spikes for their battle with Yale, the war disappeared from campus discussion until after the game when the *Brown and White* ran the questionable four column front page headline:

LEHIGH SCORES AGAINST YALE

The game was lost 20-3.

On the sixth of November, 1914, the war once more blossomed into the news with a *Brown and White* campaign for a fund to relieve the starving Belgians. What with the Belgians and the Armenians, the Lehigh campus went through an unprecedented period of mass philanthropy.

The campus restricted itself now to contributing quietly to the shivering Auslanders, except for an abortive burst of rebellion in March, 1915. Professor J. L. Stewart, who had some prominence in his field, brazenly announced that he was to speak on "Mechanical Engineers, The Enemies of Peace." The *Brown and White* of the following week calmly reported the story that Professor Stewart had changed his speech to "The Opportunity of the Engineer to be a Public Servant".

By the end of the blustery March, the war had again bludgeoned its way into the front pages. The speaker was big "Mike" Dorizas, intercollegiate heavy-weight wrestling champion, who shot a well-aimed but ineffective blow at the gathering forces of nationalism. Bluntly he told the unbelieving students (as reported in the *Brown and White*):

"This war is a commercial war. Germany was born after the world was divided, and too late to acquire colonies.

"Hamburg and Bremen, her two principal seaports, were too small for her rapidly increasing commerce, and Germany desired room for expansion; consequently Russian, England, and France formed the Triple Alliance to prevent Germany and Austria from securing the eastern trade.

"England at any moment was waiting for opportunity to war upon Germany and used the violation of Belgium's neutrality merely as a pretext. Without England, he believes, the Allies chances of victory would be slight."

How many of those students who had listened to the angry denunciations of the Kaiser's invasion of Belgium could believe that it had no significance in the Allied campaign for decency and morality in Europe? How many of those freshmen and sophomores who were to listen to Dr. Drinker's pronouncement of the ideals to be

fought for would remember that this conflict was a "commercial war?" The *Brown and White* recognized the contrary ideas of the students in a hobbling attempt to defend Mr. Dorizas by saying that he was trying to present his views from a "non-partisan standpoint".



STRAFE!!

The "Burr" issue of March, 1918

Aside from the football games and the enormous pep rallies, the Y. M. C. A. meetings and the visiting stock companies in Allentown, the student often had a chance to listen to speeches by famous men in the Grand Opera House. On the seventeenth of April in 1915, perhaps there were some students to listen to Elbert Hubbard when he spoke on the nature of Americans.

"We are a different people because of the terrible conflict which is taking place across the sea. Among the many things exploded is the theory that preparedness for war means peace. When you get enough preparedness you get war. Vast armies, well organized, brought together for destructive purposes, have demonstrated to us the value of getting together a large number of men for business purposes which means production. For the next ten years we will have prosperity. Europe's battlefields must be rebuilt. American capital will grasp the opportunity. The American business man is always in debt, he is con-

tinually seeking 'new worlds to conquer,' he is always investing, always reaching out.

"We are getting together better than ever before. People are helping themselves by helping others."

Indeed it wasn't until the recent investigation by the Nye Committee that we found out to what extent some men had been helping themselves.

In the *Brown and White* of April 18, 1915, we have the first record of Lehigh's position with regards to a well-organized preparedness campaign by Major General Leonard Wood. He was the plunging fullback of the preparedness team. He refused the charge of militarism, while pleading with the youth of the day to prepare for the eventualities of the morrow. Backed by the leading college presidents of the day, Dr. Drinker among them, he stumped the country, preaching that the collegians prepare themselves for the active fight to preserve democracy by subscribing to a course in military training to achieve the highly-touted virtue of self-discipline.

"The young men who have attended the student's camps are better men both from the physical and the moral standpoint, as well as better citizens. They have had impressed upon them the frightful cost, both in men and money, with which all wars have been conducted. . . . They have been encouraged to join the militia and to support it to the best of their ability; to respect and honor the flag of their country; and have had impressed upon them the fact that they have an obligation to the nation on the military side which is just as strong and binding as that on the civil side. . . . In a word, their whole training has tended to make them better men and better citizens, and the young men of our universities can, in my opinion, render no better service to their country at the present time than participate in these camps."

Already a new theme began to insinuate itself in this song of a righteous nation—the theme of national service, of self-sacrifice to ideals which were greater than individuals. Preparedness was beginning to establish itself solidly as the refrain. Preparedness,

Years Ago

...appearing in
...r, reflected
...in America's
...st World War



...IER, SON and VON TIRPITZ."

...y, 1918



Kaiser: "Mein Gott, einander!"

Issue of May, 1917



THE GENERAL ALARM

Issue of October, 1917

then Patriotism, and then red-blooded Americanism. But later.

Hastening now into the summer and then the fall of 1915. Leaves were sideslipping down from the trees, being blown into the wind, and caution with it. The faculty began to talk turkey to the students. With the crisis fast approaching, it was fitting that the capped and gowned should acquaint the student with the pressure of the situation. It became a matter of congratulating him for the task he was able to perform. Faces took on the grim air of purpose, and engineers became international moralists.

Said Professor E. P. McKibben to his sophomore class of civil engineers:

"It (the European War) is regretted by all of us because the loss of life and property is appalling. America has helped in various ways to alleviate the suffering in parts of Europe, and it will have to continue to render assistance. Our purpose should be to give all the assistance possible and to maintain peace, to refrain from entering the war of we can do so with honor, and to fight, if necessary, to maintain our honor."

In the meantime, through the medium of the Y. M. C. A., the student was hearing some fantastic tales if he cared to listen, and in all probability he did. The unusual became the usual and truth died aborning. On a cold seventh of December, 1915, at a "Y" meeting, Professor Clifford K. Brown of Columbia:

"American professional men, in foreign lands, are a disgrace to their country. They lead lives full of riotous excesses and immorality. They are really traitors to Christian lands. Such is their manner of living that foreign nations are forced to the belief that America is, in reality, an un-Christian country."

Aided by the undeniable impetus of the several religious groups surrounding Lehigh in the pre-War heydays, the European war clambered up into a spiritual plane and thumbed its nose at the pacifists and all who dared to disclaim it. Few did. Few wanted to.

The war spirit in America also took a cap and gown for itself and paraded before the welcoming Lehigh stu-

dent group. On the university campus, before the intervention in '17, no pains were spared to "correct" any mistaken impressions of the boys in brown and white. Most of the effort expended in these days was to counteract any possible doubts of the youngsters about this preparedness. Every possible avenue of complaint was effectively plugged *ante facto*. Said one, attacking the too prevalent attitude about summer camps:

"In the first place it is an intellectual course. Those who are unfamiliar with army regulations hardly appreciate how much brains have been put into them or how much mental ability it involves to learn how to carry them out. The old notion that military training consists chiefly of formal exercises, either of individuals or of groups, is an outworn one. The routine of drill consists only a very small part of modern training, and it occupies a correspondingly small time of the students at summer camp."

With the beginning of the second semester in 1916, the *Brown and White* was coming out with semi-vivid editorials favoring the idea of the summer camp. The campus was beginning to prepare itself for peace.

But Major General Wood, visiting the campus for the third or fourth time in a charmingly short while, was already two steps ahead. In a hard-as-nails speech that might have been confusing to the moralists a few years previous, he told us some more plain facts. We were being treated with brutal frankness then and the students were getting ready to step into the advanced or secondary stage of preparedness—the preparedness for war.

"The army stands for peace and wants it as much as we do, but they look ahead. Not always listening to theory, they look at reality as present day events are occurring. The promises and morality of nations are no longer protection against war. In the past the nations with high ideals and clean morals have always been sufferers. The old law of the survival of the fittest still holds true. It must then not be forgotten that the strong, well-prepared nation is the one who is dictator. No nation can exist unless it has something it is willing to fight for

and die for. Its people must have convictions. Without convictions they are worthless and dead, and it would be better of a stronger people overcame them."

Meanwhile the conservative *Brown and White*, devoting a good bit of its space to engineers' speeches and feature stories of Lehigh lore, was content to expend its editorial energy on the Plattsburg idea of the summer camps. Accordingly on October 27, 1916, it started a miniature series of syndicated letters from Howard S. Gans, contributor to the *New York Tribune*, later to merge with the *Herald*. Mr. Gans was a journalist whose genius is now satisfactorily extinct.

"... I found the general tone of the place reassuringly high. I do not mean that there were no men of rowdy tendency in camp or that such men were always suppressed. But I do mean that I have never seen a large body of men, in college or out, where there was less of a rowdy spirit and in which its occasional manifestations were so easily quelled. Nor have I seen a larger body of men in whose habitual speech there was so small an admixture of profanity and obscenity."

The very next issue of the *Brown and White* devoted a good bit of its valuable space to a debate within the Arts and Science Club, which is especially interesting because it quotes some parts of the speech by Mr. L. C. Fenstermacher, then news editor of the *Brown and White*. The debate was supposedly aimed at the question of Wilson's reelection, but by this time national idealism had come into its own. Major General Wood's work was done and done well.

"Our nation has been weakened and humiliated in the eyes of the world by President Wilson's failure to protect the lives and prosperity of its citizens. America which sprang to the aid of Cuba, has stood in a position of timid indifference and selfishness to the invasion of Belgium, the sinking of the Lusitania, of the slaughter of our citizens and the reign of anarchy and murder in Mexico. Peace with honor is what America is after."

**To be concluded
in the next issue**

THE following report was sent to the Maharajah of Afghanistan by a committee of three Afghans sent here to investigate the educational possibilities of Lehigh with the view in mind of sending the young Rajah for technical training in concord with the present industrialization of Afghanistan. The opinion of these observers may seem unusual to the student body, but the difference between the two social systems accounts for any peculiarities.

"O High Potentate, Master of Earth and Sky, we send thee greetings and felicitations and beg to report the conclusions of our mission. During the past year, assuming the guise of students, we have been able to live with and observe the activities of the group of men here assembled, as well as observe the fruits of learning to be harvested here.

"Our first and most shocking discovery was the barbaric social system which controls the life of the university. A complicated, progressive caste system is based on the number of years spent at the institution. First year men, known as 'godamfrosh,' are the lowest type and serve as slaves and menial servants to the other students. We were horrified to learn that even thy son, His Highness, would not be exempted from this custom.

"The progression from class to class is governed not only by the years spent here, but also by the amount of learning absorbed. These Occidentals have a strange theory whereby a man's wisdom can be recorded as a series of numbers which are translated into alphabetic letters which are re-transcribed into a numerical rating. The approved custom is to get the lowest rating compatible with university regulations. This establishes one as a 'goodguy' which translated roughly is similar to our title of veneration 'mahatma.' This system also permits the scholar to stay longer at the school. Some manage to stay as long as seven or eight years, others are forced to leave after only four years. These are known as 'greasigrinds.'

"Besides this the social order is again subdivided into three more divisions according to living groups. The most powerful group are the brotherhoods of 'fraternities,' of which there are twenty-nine in number. Consisting of from twenty to forty fanatics they

No Rah-Rah for the Rajah!

Containing some vitriolic commentaries on student life

by Edwin Klein

are not dissimilar to our secret brotherhoods of Thugs and Assassins. Once a year each of these organizations selects a group of men to be initiated into these mysteries. These initiations are accompanied by periods of sadism and flagellation designed to mortify the flesh and purify the soul. I have no doubt that this savage custom is quite incomprehensible to your august majesty.

"The second group live in 'dormitories' which are vast barn-like structures closely resembling barracks. They are regimented so excessively that they think and act as a unit. They must be kept in close check however as they run amok frequently and destroy large quantities of university property, particularly those portions employed in fire fighting.

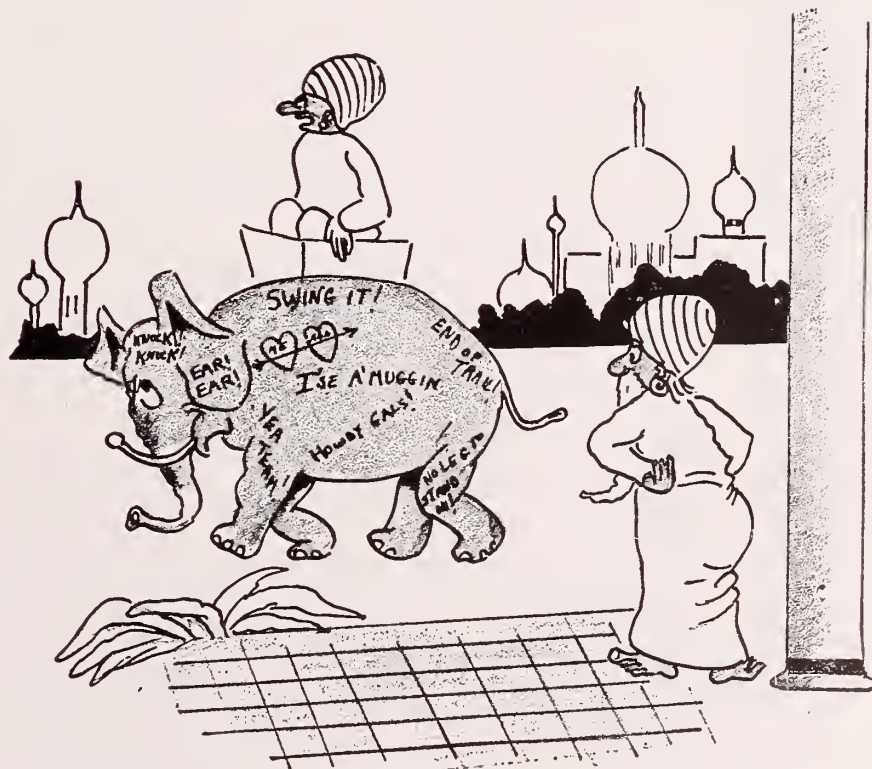
"There is a third group called the

'towngroup' which consists of ascetics who live apart and do not care for close proximity with other students. Amidst this group will be found the most dangerous radicals and anarchists. They are a morbid discontented lot.

"There is a fourth group scarce worthy of mention known as 'commuters.' These are chiefly peasants from neighboring farming communities. They are a bovine and happy lot, contented in most things.

"The amusement of these strange persons is stranger still. This institution as well as the other colleges, and there are several hundred others, maintain armies of gladiators known as 'athletes.' The chief function of these are to provide spectacles about once a week in mild weather. Girded in leath-

page eighteen, please



RAH FOR THE RAJAH

from page seventeen

ern armor they contest with other schools on miniature battlefields surrounded by huge tiers of seats occupied by the students and the 'alumni.' 'Alumni' being synonymous with weekend guests. Lehigh ranks very low in this 'sport' but boasts that their athletes are 'amatchoors.' The exact definition of this term is unknown.

"When weather becomes too severe for this form of amusement they have wrestling meets in vast indoor arenas. This type of wrestling seems strange to us because they do not employ the forms and ceremonies that we are accustomed to. Rather their sport is not far removed from the order of contests between wild apes. Two picked contestants occupy a mat that is employed to protect the floor from blood stains or possible damage. Arms dangling, they circle one another uttering guttural noises seeking an opening in their adversary's defense. We believe that this sport is directly connected with the savage Dum-dum dance of the anthropoids. After a particularly bloody encounter, the crowds howl their approbation in strange chants known as 'cheers' and are led in this by crazed dervishes or 'cheerleaders.'

"But the strangest of customs comes with night fall. They assemble in smoky cellars where they imbibe huge quantities of an amber brew which seems to produce a convivial feeling. Music is provided by mechanical contrivances activated by insertion of coins or by orchestra known as 'threepeece-wunders.' They dance with slow suggestive movements or with a wild abandon with much jumping and noise. Sometimes they sing long ballads with strange, twisted meanings. They are accompanied in all this by semi-professional entertainers known as 'town-girls' or 'bagges.' There is a last term that might be very confusing to your majesty as it means also a female dog or as a verb it means to complain. This orgy continues until all present fall into a kind of coma or stupor.

"We think your Majesty will agree that such an environment and such immoral companions would not be fit for our Prince. Nay, let him continue to live in the clean sweet desert, let him continue to lead our warriors against the thrice cursed Anglesi.

Classical Recordings

Reviewed for the Students

Don't let anybody tell you that recordings of orthophonic records aren't up to snuff. We've been listening to some of the Victor re-issues of Caruso and they have a way of dubbing in the symphonic backgrounds and clearing up the muffled tone that rates only superlatives. To our untutored ear, the soundtracks on the new Caruso records are every bit as good as the latest Tibbett or Crooks and that's saying as plenty as our jazz critic would say and does.

Brahms Symphony No. 1, in C Minor, played by the London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Felix Weingartner. Columbia Album M-383.

This is about as good a recording of Brahms First as we have ever heard. It is played with both accuracy and feeling by the London Symphony. Brahms has the unusual talent of being heavy without being monotonous. His symphonies have another quality of being so unusually full and complete that he can be listened to more repeatedly than any of his contemporaries, near or far.

The first movement is marked by a thrilling contrast of moods and themes. The second drops the sharp thrusts of the first movement to adopt the gentler, more wistful mood of a $\frac{3}{4}$ theme announced by the strings.

The third movement is a departure from the usual scherzo and assumes a more fluid quality, yet keeping a dignity and a semblance of formality. The fourth combines in a truly masterful fashion four theoretically opposed themes. It is a final and brilliant tribute to the genius of its composer.

Paderewski Concerto in A Minor for Piano and Orchestra, played by Jesus Maria Sanroma and the Boston "Pops" Orchestra, conducted by Arthur Fiedler. Victor Album M-614.

In an album of McDowell's concertos for piano and orchestra, Sanroma

impressed us as a highly accomplished virtuoso. In Paderewski's greatest work, he has a chance to offer a more adept virtuosity if a little less feeling. For there is not so much depth to this work of Paderewski's. Rather it is a simple work, patriotic and nationalistic. But those who knew Paderewski's intense nationalism can well appreciate the force and brilliance that might appear in the concerto. And appear there it does. Amply illuminated by Mr. Sanroma's scintillating technique.

Three Spirituals sung by Marian Anderson. Victor record 2032.

In the most exacting desert-island collection we could ever make, Miss Anderson would be sure of a representation. The critics of the metropolitan journals have been doing handstands for the young lady, and we'd run a pretty poor second in pouring on the adjectives.

On one side of the record are two of the negro spirituals that have not been worn out with the years and the radio's southern quartets. 1. "Dere's No Hidin' Place Down Dere"; "Ev'ry Time I Feel de Spirit". On the other side is a more popular song that is saved by its own exquisiteness and the rich voice of Miss Anderson. "Deep River."

A middle-aged woman lost her balance and fell out of a window into a garbage can. Chinaman passing remarked: "American very wasteful. That woman good for ten years yet."

—Jester

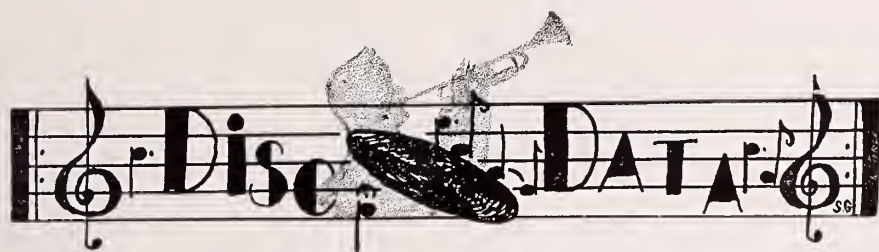
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Bethlehem's Shoe Store for 40 Years



by Stan Gilinsky '40

Strife in Swingdom

THE past month marked the culmination, in a rather unsatisfactory manner, of the King of Swing battle between Artie Shaw and Benny Goodman. Shaw, living up to all his threats and fits of temperaments, finally quit the music game. He left his band in New York and went in search of some real music where commercial tastes won't rule his reason. Latest reports have him in Kansas City, a mecca for real hot jazz if there ever was one, rounding up an eight piece colored combine. At the same time rumor has it that Tommy Dorsey is trying to take a fling in the band promoting business a la B. G. and J. Dorsey by wanting to buy the old Shaw band and setting up Dick Stabile as the leader. It's a good idea for it's a shame to let such a fine organization break up.

Goodman, in spite of Shaw's withdrawal, has given ample recording evidence in his recent waxings of *Scatter-Brain*; *One Sweet Letter From You*; *Faithful Forever*; *Bluebirds In The Moonlight*, by the sextet, *Flying Home*; *Rose Room*, (Col.) that he musically deserves serious consideration to the crown. The two full band recordings are pop tunes done with a vim that more than equals the oldtime Goodman. The tone is polished, the brass has a real bite and the rhythm section after a long stay in the hinterlands has finally, under the power of bassist Bernstein, achieved force without undue distinctiveness. Added incentive to the tunes are the vocals on the second set by Mildred Bailey who is an addition to Benny's radio commercial. The sextet has finally captured the popular fancy and does a marvelous job with *Home* which is a number from the new swing version of Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream* called *Swinging The Dream* which features the sextet along with Maxine Sullivan and Louis Armstrong.

The tune is extremely catchy almost bordering on being a pop tune but the Goodman treatment dispells that possibility. One is amazed at the technical skill of Charley Christian's guitar whose playing has the facility of making his instrument sound like an entire section, especially when he is blending with B. G.'s clarinet behind Hampton's vibe solo. *Rose Room* is an excellent improvisation of a favorite tune.

There are those who believe that the King of Swing battle should include Glenn Miller as a very serious threat and, by his recent recordings and fan following in the east, we are inclined to agree. Miller combines real hot jazz with the sweetness of a Kemp or Gray and therein lies the secret of his success. Glenn's latest recordings, all on the sweet side, are *Bluebirds In The Moonlight*; *Faithful Forever*; *Blue Rain*; *Who's Sorry Now*. (Bl.) The former is the best disc and it is interesting to compare it with the Goodman coupling of the same tunes. It is the lively spirited Goodman vs. the languid pretty Miller and frankly we don't know which type of popular tune we like best. Glen starts with a slow tempoed beginning, very subdued and muted, and then builds into a peak finish interspersed with Bob Eberle vocalizing in the moodier last three tunes, and Marion Hutton in the livelier *Bluebirds*.

Woody Herman

Decca and the John Q. Public have realized the potentialities of a band with real expression—Woody Herman. Their contributions this month list *I'm Coming Virginia*; *Midnight Echoes*; *For Tonight*, *Put That Down In Writing*. *Blue Dawn*; *If I Knew Then*. *Echoes* is a full throated blues written by Joe Bishop and features some nifty band figures lead by Woody's rather Shawish clarinet. The background has a real kick. All the pop tunes are well

page twenty, please

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DISC DATA

from page nineteen

done, they themselves being exceptionally pretty tunes and lending themselves freely to the bands expressionistic treatment.

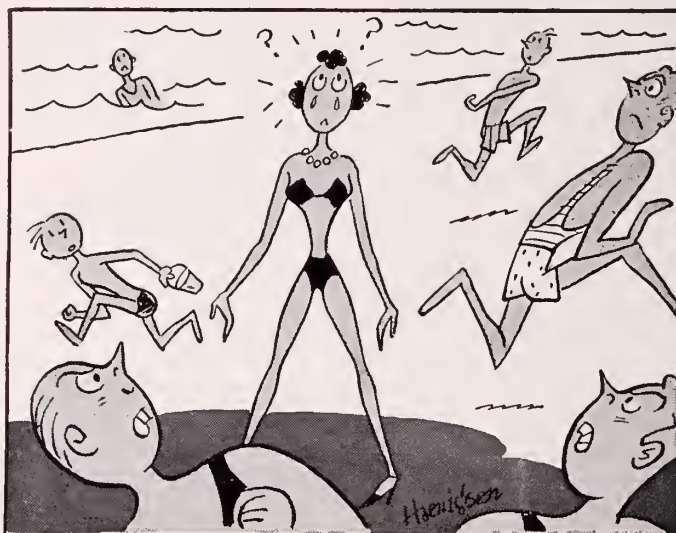
New Note

A fourth major recording company, the United States Record Corporation featuring *Royale* and *Varsity* labels, has come into the field as a distinct threat to whatever monopolistic tendencies the other three companies may have had. A real war looms in the offing for the services of recording artists and a complete coverage of all available and suitable talent seems to be the logical outcome. In order to succeed only the best of material can be presented which is a Godsend that threatens to extinguish some of the practices which have led to making records just for the sake of releasing something. The new labels feature Van Alexander, Richard Himber, Quintette of The Hot Club of France, Roy Eldridge, Stuff Smith, Jess Stacey and list

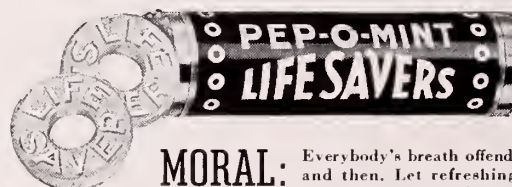
Glenn Miller and Will Osborne as future exclusive *Varsity-Royale* artists. The nucleus is present for a fine recording company and we wish them the best of success with the popular as well as the classical talent they have on their lists.

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Till a kind friend whispered: "It's your breath!"
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And sweetened her breath with Pep-O-Mint!



MORAL: Everybody's breath offends now
and then. Let refreshing Life
Savers sweeten your breath after
eating, drinking, and smoking.

What's New?

Some last minute recommendations for the perplexed Christmas shopper

With this Christmas issue, the Review staff is instituting a new service for its readers. Admittedly following the lead of the national magazines we have collected a few recommendations for the perplexed student shopper, in the fond hope that there might be something here that would once more smooth his wrinkled brow.

One of our men paddled about Bethlehem for several days looking up the unique and the unusual. The results of the expeditions are here for the consumer to make his choice.

First off—at the Supply Bureau right on the campus, you can get almost any kind of a pipe from about a dollar to seven and a half. Also combination pipe racks and humidors, metal or glass, from about \$1.50 to \$4.00. Especially nifty is a maple book rack, handcarved with a Lehigh seal at either end. *Really* hand carved for about \$2.95.

About the biggest attraction at the store is a clock that flicks off the minutes faster than the eye can see and always shows the correct time in big, black numbers. It's yours for about \$8.95. A dozen highball glasses with the Lehigh, fraternity or assorted seals for about \$2.50 a dozen. There is also a Lehigh pictorial calendar with a leather cover for about one dollar.

The College Shop has a Knox hat, especially black for formal wear, about \$7.50. Another appealing item is an all-silk gown, lined with skinner's satin.

Tom Bagg
Custom Clothes
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Phillip's has an Emerson portable radio, which, they say, was designed especially for them to sell to Lehigh students. It is all dolled up in a brown leatherette case. Only one of its kind. Sells for about \$12.95.

Sears Roebuck has a midget Silver-tone radio, small enough to slip in your pocket with few bulges. Sells for about \$6.95.

E. H. Gier has something in a lady's billfold with key cases to match in six different colors. The billfolds have little change purses tucked inside so that the women can hang on to their trolley tokens.

Silverberg and Goldberg have the makings of a good gift in their book library. The feature is a number called "Gone Is the Wind." It's a reversible camel's hair jacket with a dual zipper and all-weather cloth on the inside or outside as the atmosphere demands.

The other part of the gift library is a two-volume affair including an all-weather jacket with zipper and a Shetland crew-neck long sleeve sweater. For no good reason at all there are two golf balls wrapped up in colored cellophane in the middle. About ten dollars.

Parker's Grocery on Main Street have got up some baskets of fancy foods that make an unusual gift. If you want something that's really unique, ask to make up your own basket. You can put in pickled coxcombs, canned rattlesnake, turkey tongues and almost any number of delicacies. Wonderful for jaded appetites!

•

And then there was the man on relief who was so accustomed after years of unemployment to having everything done for him that he went out and married a widow with three children.

—Medley

•

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THIS IS GOODBYE

from page seven

old stone quarry with their legs swinging over the edge. They were quiet most of the time, watching the clouds flatten out and pull apart. If you kept looking at them you couldn't see the change; but if you looked away and then looked back again, they were all changed and different. When she was with him now she felt so mite and strange. She was afraid to say anything. Her eyes were blue diamond windows to see inside her mind. At night she looked into the mirror and saw through her eyes to the desire that was there. She was afraid. In the afternoons, when they ran through the fields, she laughed in the wind and forgot.

He put his arm around her shoulder. "What are you thinking about?"

"Oh, nothing special. Just wondering where you'll be six months from now. Wondering what you'll be doing and whom you'll be with. Your life will be changing all the time. I'm afraid that this summer will be just another memory to you, if that. That's what I'm really thinking about. Do you believe in memories?"

"Sure I believe in memories. But you have me all wrong, dear. I'm not the city slicker type that runs off with the fair maid's heart. I've never been dishonest with you, have I?"

She laughed. "Of course, you haven't dear."

One night when there was a warm sweet air from the fields and the moon was big and pearly white, he had parked and turned off the lights in the car. Only the light of the moon everywhere. He had both arms around her. She rested her head on his shoulder and watched the tiny blinking lights of the cars on the highway. He bent down and whispered in her ear, and she smiled warmly and pressed his hand in hers. She felt closer to him all the time, as if he were a part of her. There was a flowing warmth in her body, forming little currents in her head. Her mind was happy and full and out of space.

She plucked a daisy from the grass at her feet. One by one she pulled off the petals and let them drop on her lap, making a little white mosaic on the yellowness of her dress. When she came to the last one, she crumpled the

flower in her fist and tossed it behind her.

"Well, what's the answer?"

"Daisies never tell."

"If they won't, who will."

"Nobody, I guess, nobody ever tells. You just sit and wait and hope."

"Meaning what?"

"Nothing. I was being the philosopher."

"Look, Elaine. I want you to get this straight. I didn't say anything this summer I didn't mean. You can count on that."

"That's funny."

"What's funny?"

"You said you loved me. I remember it distinctly. We were sitting on the stone bridge and throwing little pieces of bread to the geese. You were wearing a light blue shirt with a little hole in the sleeve. You were wearing—but let's forget it. It's all gone now, isn't it?"

"I wish you wouldn't talk like that, Elaine. I didn't say anything I didn't mean. I said I loved you and I did."

"Did you?"

"Certainly I did."

"This summer."

"Why be like that? I have to go away. You know I do. It seems so silly to me."

"You're right. I don't know what we're quarreling about. Summer is all over. I know it."

"Have I deceived you? Have I led you into anything? Have I?"

"Please, Mark, stop. It's nothing to talk about. Really it isn't."

When he came at night they sat on the couch in front of the fireplace. They were so close to each other that she thought she could never leave him. Once she got up and turned the radio off in the middle of a song and came back and sat down beside him, kissing him on the lips. They kissed quietly in the dark. After he left and she had locked the door after him, she came back into the dim living room and started at the crash they had made on the sofa. She could almost see Mark and herself sitting on the couch, holding each other. It made her feel odd, as if she had lifted herself from her own body. She felt suddenly hot and breath-

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THIS IS GOODBYE

from page twenty-two

less, angry that she had been left suspended in desire. She turned out the dim lights and walked upstairs slowly, wondering in herself. Then the warmth suddenly left her and she was cold and empty. She lay awake in bed, wondering.

"I'm leaving tomorrow, Elaine."

"So soon? It was just yesterday."

"I know, but I have to start work on the twentieth. In Boston. This is my big opportunity. I've been waiting for this job all my life."

"I won't see you again."

"No, I guess not. I'm leaving tomorrow—early."

"Then this is good-by."

"I guess so. And here we are arguing over nothing at all. I'm sorry, Elaine."

"That's all right, Mark. It was really my fault, I guess."

"No. It was best we got it all straightened out. It's a good thing we talked it over this afternoon. Don't you think so, Elaine?"

"Certainly, Mark. It's a good thing we got it all straightened out before you left."

"We'd better start back. It's five o'clock already."

He got up first and pulled her up after him. She brushed off the little pieces of dry grass that clung to her skirt and tightened the patent leather belt on her blouse. Together they walked down the narrow path by the side of the stream over the little gullies and the rocks.

"I'm going to miss you, Elaine. Miss you awfully."

"There'll be lots of girls in Boston. Nicer than I am."

"There'll never be anybody nicer than you, Elaine."

"All right, let's drop the whole thing, please. Let's forget about it."

"What's wrong with you? Why are you acting like that? I can't understand you at all, Elaine."

"You can't understand *me*? Good God!"

He looked at her with a pained expression in his face. "Elaine!"

"I'm sorry, Mark. I didn't mean it. I really didn't. But let's forget about

page twenty-four, please

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THIS IS GOODBYE

from page twenty-three
the whole thing. We don't want to act
like children."

The long thin spikes of grass caught
at her skirt as they walked through the
fields. She was twisting her handker-
chief in her hand, folding and unfold-
ing it, quickly and tightly. She was
quiet while he whistled a song, a lilt-
ing spring song.

She said goodbye to him at the screen
door, holding his hands, and not look-
ing into his eyes. She kissed him on
the lips quickly and fled inside letting
the screen door slam behind her. He
watched for her to appear at the win-
dow, waiting for a few seconds and
then walking down the flagstone path
to his car. The noise of the motor was
harsh.

HOLIDAY AT HIGHGATE

from page nine

She: Stop! Whoever you are, you're
wrong. Algy isn't like that now. . .

Voice: He's still the same Algy just
trying to be the man you used to know.
You're the one who has lost the spirit
to Algy.

She: I haven't, I, I. . . (silence)
(Enter Algy with drink)

She: Oh, Algy. I've just had the
most dreadful experience. I. . . oh. . .

Algy: What do you mean?

She: Oh Algy dearest, kiss me. . .

Algy (bewildered): Here, drink
this. Maybe you won't want to kiss
me after this.

She: Algy, darling. I want you to
hold me. . .

Algy: (sterner) See here! A mo-
ment ago you wouldn't even talk. Even
polite conversation was out. What *am*
I all of a sudden? I'm sick of your
moods, and I've stood for this long
enough. You'd better come in with me
now. Lord Clitterbug wants us in the
drawing room.

She: Oh Algy, wait a moment. I've
been horrid, I know. (dreamily) That
moon you mentioned was made for us.
Algy darling. . . Kiss me, Algy. . . Oh
Algy. . .

(later)

Lord Clitterbug: Dash it all Algy,
where are you? Pugh! Critter must
have left. (rejoins rest of party) So
sorry all. Algy must have taken that
girl home or somewhere. Did want
you all to hear his ventroquilism too.
Dash it.

(Curtain)

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The manufacturers are complaining that these days you can get everything on the radio except the last three payments.

Every time someone explains a surrealistic picture to us, we realize that things can't be as bad as they are painted.

"I'm giving her a corsage!"
"You must know her intimately. I'm just giving her flowers."

You can't sell dresses in the summer—it's the slack season.

Alumnus: How about the team?
Are they good losers?
Coach: Good! They're perfect.

Sign in a restaurant: Sally Rand Sandwich — Chicken with very little dressing.

She: Since I started to cook, my husband doesn't turn up for supper.
Friend: He'll turn up—in the toes.

The car was so old, they had to get it both upper and lower plates.

He: Hello, Buck.
She: I'm not Buck.
He: No, but your teeth are.

The play ran one week—the author, three.

"Jack's got a lot of culture, hasn't he?"
"Yes, he has, but it's all physical."

HERE'S WHY MARIA WAS MAD AT HIS BRIAR!

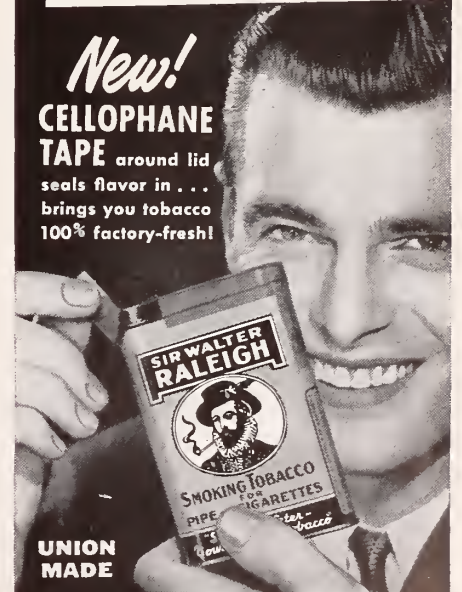


HAVE A HEART on your husband, ma'am—don't bawl him out for smoking. After all, it isn't his *pipe* that smells bad, it's that hot-and-heavy *tobacco* he always buys.



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OIL TANKER

from page eight

many years ago. And old George with weird designs tattooed on his body. He'd learned how to sail on a wind-jammer.

There was another boy my own age on the ship, a wiper. That job meant hard work in the engine room keeping the machinery and cat-walks spotlessly clean. Dodging in and out among scalding hot steam pipes and sometimes getting burned. We stood together on the forehead at the bow one night and talked. He'd run away from home to go to sea, he said. That had been a year and a half ago. He was going to be a chief engineer someday. I'd never talked to a kid like him before. I thought things like that only happened in books.

Some nights after the day's work was done, I used to sneak up on the boat deck and lie down behind the big funnel and smoke cigarettes. The only sound would be the throbbing of the engines, and it was possible to see storms and lightning miles away at sea. Sort of a private show all my own.

Smith's Bluff was little more than a dock where we could lay over while the crude oil was pumped into our tanks from the storage sheds. The nearest town was Beaumonte, about twelve miles away. Everyone who could left the ship as soon as we docked and headed for town. The procedure never varied. Most of the men had girls and the few who didn't soon found some, and everyone proceeded to see how much fire water could be stowed below in the shortest possible time. After being cooped up on a ship for weeks they had to let off steam somehow.

Asked several times to join the parties, I politely declined, getting plastered not being in my line as yet. No one was in the least offended. Every man to his own taste was the rule.

After seeing the town, sending a telegram home, and buying a few things I needed, I returned to the ship and turned in early. Too hot to sleep in the sailor's fo'c'sle. Too hot to sleep in the deck and stretched out in my shorts. The low marsh lands at the foot of Texas where the boat channels lay make good breeding grounds for mosquitos and oil beetles, and I was kept busy slapping my arms and body

page twenty-eight, please

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OIL TANKER

from page twenty-seven

to keep myself from being eaten alive. Too tired to keep slapping all night, I soon fell asleep.

I woke suddenly to find a flash light glaring in my eyes while a pair of hands methodically and not ungently passed over my body. Sitting up quickly I made out the figure of a short powerful man who had absolutely no neck. It was Harry, one of the A. B.'s, and he was drunk. Startled, I was all set to go over the rail in one flying leap when I heard him talking to me. "Lay still, kid, 'till I get this stuff on. Wat are ya' trying t' do, get malaria?"

Here was Harry who hadn't said more than ten words to me during the whole trip, staggering drunk, and yet with the kindness of heart and the thoughtfulness to rub fly ointment on a greenhorn to make sure the kid didn't contract a tropical fever. I lay back and let Harry finish the job. Then he lurched on down the deck to find a spot to lay his aching head. Just another hard-boiled sailor.

Halfway home on the return trip, I fell ill. I wasn't much good from then on and decided to leave the ship and go home when we docked. The day before we reached Marcus Hook I got up and wobbled around on a shaky pair of legs.

It was a grey windy day when we dropped anchor in mid-channel to await our turn to unload at the pier. I had my bag all packed and was waiting for the water taxi to take me ashore when I felt a hand on my shoulder. I turned to face Harry.

"Listen, kid," he said. "You got enough dough to get home? I got about half my month's pay left, and you can have that if you need it. You can send it back when you get home."

I didn't take the money because I didn't need it, but those words meant a lot to me. I tried to let Harry know it.

Saying goodbye to everybody wasn't much fun, I thought, as I turned in my seat on the launch for a last look. The long black hull looked dirty and tired after the trip. I could see Harry and some of the men waving so-long from the rail.

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